This is the first edition.

The Chronicle Histor

of *Henry* the fift: with his battel foug
at *Agin Court* in *France*. Togither with
Auncient *Pistoll*.

Enter King Henry, Exeter, 2. *Bishops*, Clarence, *and*
Attendants.

Exeter.

SHall I call in Thambassadors my Liege?
King. Not yet my Cousin, til we be resolude
Of some serious matters touching vs and *France*.
Bi. God and his Angels guard your sacred thron
And make you long become it.
King. Shure we thank you. And good my Lord proc
Why the Lawe *Salicke* which they haue in *France*,
Or should or should not, stop vs in our clayme:
And God forbid my wise and learned Lord,
That you should fashion, frame, or wrest the same.
For God doth know how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation,
Of what your reuerence shall incite vs too.
Therefore take heed how you impawne our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of warre:
We charge you in the name of God take heed.
After this coniuration, speake my Lord:
And we will iudge, note, and beleeue in heart,
That what you speake, is washt as pure
As sin in baptisme.